

A halter'd necke, which do's the Hangman thanke,  
For being yare about him. Is he whipt?

*Enter a Seruant with Thidias.*

*Ser.* Soundly, my Lord.

*Ant.* Cried he? and begg'd a Pardon?

*Ser.* He did aske fauour.

*Ant.* If that thy Father liue, let him repent  
Thou wast not made his daughter, and be thou forrie  
To follow *Caesar* in his Triumph, since  
Thou hast bin whipt. For following him, henceforth  
The white hand of a Lady Feauer thee,  
Shake thou to looke on't. Get thee backe to *Caesar*,  
Tell him thy entertainment: looke thou say  
He makes me angry with him. For he seemes  
Proud and disdainfull, harping on what I am,  
Not what he knew I was. He makes me angry,  
And at this time most easie 'tis to doo't:  
When my good Starres, that were my former guides  
Haue empy left their Orbes, and shot their Fires  
Into th'Abisme of hell. If he mislike,  
My speech, and what is done, tell him he has  
*Hiparchus*, my enfranchised Bondman, whom  
He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture,  
As he shall like to quit me. Vrge it thou:  
Hence with thy stripes, be gone. *Exit Thid.*

*Cleo.* Haue you done yet?

*Ant.* Alacke our Terrene Moone is now Eclipse,  
And it portends alone the fall of *Anthony*.

*Cleo.* I must stay his time?

*Ant.* To flatter *Caesar*, would you mingle eyes  
With one that tyes his points?

*Cleo.* Not know me yet?

*Ant.* Cold-hearted toward me?

*Cleo.* Ah (Deere) if I be so,  
From my cold heart let Heauen ingender haile,  
And poyson it in the fource, and the first stone  
Drop in my necke: as it determines so  
Dissolue my life, the next *Caesarian* smile,  
Till by degrees the memory of my wombe,  
Together with my braue Egyptians all,  
By the discandring of this pelleted storme,  
Lye grauelesse, till the Flies and Gnats of Nyle  
Haue buried them for prey.

*Ant.* I am satisfied.

*Caesar* sets downe in Alexandria, where  
I will oppose his Fate. Our force by Land,  
Hath Nobly held, our feuer'd Naue too  
Haue knit againe, and Fleete, threatening most Sea-like.  
Where hast thou bin my heart? Dost thou heare Lady?  
If from the Field I shall returne once more  
To kisse these Lips, I will appeare in Blood,  
I, and my Sword, will earne our Chronicle,  
There's hope in't yet.

*Cleo.* That's my braue Lord.

*Ant.* I will be trebble-finewed, hearted, breath'd,  
And fight maliciously: for when mine houres  
Were nice and lucky, men did ransome liues  
Of me for iests: But now, he set my teeth,  
And send to darkenesse all that stop me. Come,  
Let's haue one other gawdy night: Call to me  
All my sad Captaines, fill our Bowles once more:  
Let's mocke the midnight Bell.

*Cleo.* It is my Birth-day,  
I had thought 't haue held it poore. But since my Lord  
Is *Anthony* againe, I will be *Cleopatra*.

*Ant.* We will yet do well.

*Cleo.* Call all his Noble Captaines to my Lord,  
*Ant.* Do so, we'll speake to them,

And to night Ile force  
The Wine peepe through their scarres,  
Come on (my Queene)  
There's sap in't yet. The next time I do fight  
Ile make death loue me: for I will contend  
Euen with his pestilent Syr ie.

*Eno.* Now hee'l out-stare the Lightning, to be furious  
Is to be frighted out of feare, and in that moode  
The Doue will pecke the Estridge; and I see still  
A diminution in our Captaines braine,  
Restores his heart; when valour playes in reason,  
It eates the Sword it fights with: I will seeke  
Some way to leaue him. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Caesar, Agrippa, & Mecenas with his Army,  
Caesar reading a Letter.*

*Ces.* He calles me Boy, and chides as he had power  
To beate me out of Egypt. My Messenger  
He hath whipt with Rods, dares me to personal Combat.  
*Caesar* to *Anthony*: let the old Russian know,  
I haue many other wayes to dye: meane time  
Laugh at his Challenge.

*Meca.* *Caesar* must thinke,  
When one so great begins to rage, hee's hunted  
Euen to falling. Giue him no breath, but now  
Make boote of his distraction: Neuer anger  
Made good guard for it selfe.

*Ces.* Let our best heads know,  
That to morrow, the last of many Battails  
We meane to fight. Within our Files there are,  
Of those that seru'd *Marke Anthony* but late,  
Enough to fetch him in. See it done,  
And Feast the Army, we haue store to doo't,  
And they haue earn'd the waste. Poore *Anthony*. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Anthony, Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian,  
Iras, Alexas, with others.*

*Ant.* He will not fight with me, *Domitian*?

*Eno.* No?

*Ant.* Why should he not?

*Eno.* He thinks, being twenty times of better fortune,  
He is twenty men to one.

*Ant.* To morrow Soldier,  
By Sea and Land Ile fight: or I will line,  
Or bathe my dying Honor in the blood  
Shall make it line againe. Woo't thou fight well.

*Eno.* Ile strike, and cry, Take all.

*Ant.* Well said, come on:

Call forth my Household Seruants, lets to night

*Enter 3 or 4 Seruitors.*

Be bounteous at our Meale. Giue me thy hand,  
Thou hast bin rightly honest, so hast thou,  
Thou, and thou, and thou: you haue seru'd me well,  
And Kings haue bene your fellows.

*Cleo.* What meanes this?

*Eno.* 'Tis one of those odde tricks which sorow shoots  
Out of the minde.

*Ant.* And thou art honest too:

I wish I could be made so many men,

And all of you clapt vp together, in

An *Anthony*: that I might do you seruice,

So good as you haue done. *Omnes.*

*Omnes.* The Gods forbid.

*Ant.* Well, my good Fellowes, wait on me to night:  
Scant not my Cups, and make as much of me,  
As when mine Empire was your Fellow too,  
And suffer'd my command.

*Cleo.* What does he meane?

*Eno.* To make his Followers weepe.

*Ant.* Tend me to night;

May be, it is the period of your duty,  
Haply you shall not see me more, or if,  
A mangled shadow. Perchance to morrow,  
You'll serue another Master. I looke on you,  
As one that takes his leaue. Mine honest Friends,  
I turne you not away, but like a Master  
Married to your good seruice, stay till death:  
Tend me to night two houres, I aske no more,  
And the Gods yeeld you for't.

*Eno.* What meane you (Sir)

To giue them this discomfort? Look they weepe,  
And I au Affe, am Onyon-cy'd; for shame,  
Transforme vs not to women.

*Ant.* Ho, ho, ho:

Now the Witch take me, if I meant it thus.  
Grace grow where those drops fall (my hearty Friends)  
You take me in too dolorous a sence,  
For I spake to you for your comfort, did desire you  
To burne this night with Torches: Know (my hearts)  
I hope well of to morrow, and will leade you,  
Where rather Ile expect victorious life,  
Then death, and Honor. Let's to Supper, come,  
And drowne consideration. *Exeunt.*

*Enter a Company of Soldiours.*

1. *Sol.* Brother, goodnight: to morrow is the day.  
2. *Sol.* It will determine one way: Fare you well.  
Heard you of nothing strange about the streets.

1. Nothing: what newes?  
2. Belike 'tis but a Rumour, good night to you.  
1. Well sir, good night.

*They meete other Soldiours.*

2. Soldiours, haue carefull Watch.  
1. And you: Goodnight, goodnight.

*They place themselves in euery corner of the Stage.*

2. Heere we: and if to morrow  
Our Naue thriue, I haue an absolute hope  
Our Landmen will stand vp.

1. 'Tis a braue Army, and full of purpose.

*Musicke of the Hoboyes is vnder the Stage.*

2. Peace, what noise?

1. I list list.

2. Hearke.

1. Musicke i'th Ayre.

2. Vnder the earth.

4. It signes well, do's it not?

3. No.

1. Peace I say: What should this meane?

2. 'Tis the God *Hercules*, whom *Anthony* loued,  
Now leaues him.

1. Walk, let's see if other Watchmen

Do heare what we do?

2. How now Masters?

*Speak together.*

*Omnes.* How now? how now? do you heare this?

1. I, is't not strange?

3. Do you heare Masters? Do you heare?

1. Follow the noyse so farre as we haue quarter.

Let's see how it will giue off.

*Omnes.* Content: 'Tis strange. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Anthony and Cleopatra, with others.*

*Ant.* Eros, mine Armour Eros.

*Cleo.* Sleepe a little.

*Ant.* No my Chucke. Eros, come mine Armor Eros.

*Enter Eros.*

Come good Fellow, put thine Iron on,

If Fortune be not ours to day, it is

Because we braue her. Come.

*Cleo.* Naue, Ile helpe too, *Anthony*.

What's this for? Ah let be, let be, thou art  
The Armourer of my heart: False, false: This, this,  
Sooth-law Ile helpe: Thus it must bee.

*Ant.* Well, well, we shall thriue now.

See't thou my good Fellow. Go, put on thy defences,

Eros. Briefely Sir.

*Cleo.* Is not this buckled well?

*Ant.* Rarely, rarely:

He that vnuckles this, till we do please  
To dast for our Repose, shall heare a storme.

Thou fumblest Eros, and my Queenes a Squire

More tight at this, then thou: Dispatch. O Loue,

That thou couldst see my Warres to day, and knew'st

The Royall Occupation, thou should'st see

A Workeman in't.

*Enter an Armed Soldier.*

Good morrow to thee, welcome,

Thou look'st like him that knowes a warlike Charge:

To businesse that we loue, we rise betime,

And go too't with delight.

*Soul.* A thousand Sir, early thought't be, haue on their  
Riueted trim, and at the Port expect you. *Shows.*

*Trumpets Flourish.*

*Enter Captaines, and Soldiours.*

*Alex.* The Morne is faire: Good morrow Generall.

*All.* Good morrow Generall.

*Ant.* 'Tis well blowne Lads.

This Morning, like the spirit of a youth

That meanes to be of note, begins betimes.

So, so: Come giue me that, this way, well-fed.

Fare thee well Dame, what ere becomes of me,

This is a Soldiers kisse: rebukeable,

And worthy shamefull checke it were, to stand

On more Mechanicke Complement, Ile leaue thee.

Now like a man of Steele, you that will fight,

Follow me close, Ile bring you too't: Adieu. *Exeunt.*

*Char.* Please you retire to your Chamber?

*Cleo.* Lead me:

He goes forth gallantly: That he and *Caesar* might

Determine this great Warre in single fight;

Then *Anthony*; but now. Well on. *Exeunt.*

*Trumpets sound. Enter Anthony, and Eros.*

*Eros.* The Gods make this a happy day to *Anthony*.

*Ant.* Would thou, & those thy scars had once preuaild  
To make me fight at Land.

*Eros.* Had'st thou done so,

The Kings that haue revolted, and the Soldier

That has this morning left thee, would haue still

Followed thy heeles.

*Ant.* Whose gone this morning?

*Eros.* Who? one euer nere thee, call for *Enobarbus*.

*Hee*